

dreamed to see such fantasy in interior decorating and lighting effects.

Kazy arrived on May 23rd. I was then in Indiana enjoying a visit with Ernie and Estelle and their cute children, Gail Ann and Ernie, Jr. They truly are the prettiest children and I was mighty proud of them.

Kazy did not inform of his arrival and when I came in from Indiana he had been in town for several hours. Man! Almost three years. You are happy and yet you cry like a fool. Gosh, I had died a thousand deaths while he was accross. But, Kazy, beyond being considerably tanned, did not change in any way—the same Kazy. Meanwhile, Kazy worked fast. He propose to his dream girl, Lillian Cinskas, she said “yes,” and the wedding will take place on June 16th. Some three days after the wedding S/Sgt. and Mrs. will go to Florida where Kazy will be stationed. Here is hoping that from now on we too will get our share of happines and that their wedded life be one of bliss.

Pasimatysim,
Vyts - Fin

Happy Birthday . . .

Mrs. Burton Hoffman	2
Wm Joseph Migon MM 1/c	2
Jane Little Inabinette	3
Joseph Wasilauskas S 3/c	7
Mrs. P. Dulinsky	10
Martha Hershberger	11
James Henry S 1/c	12
Martha Nichols	13
Emily Russell	14
Mrs. T. J. Klumpp	20



FINNY'S FUNNIES

Mary had a little dress.
Dainty, chic and airy.
It never showed the dirt a bit
But mmmmm, how it showed Mary!



Three GI's just back from overseas went into the Automat and found that the only available table was one that was occupied by a spinsterish female. Wanting a little privacy, they decided to sit down, hoping by means of conversation to make her finish up and leave in a hurry. The first GI said: “Boy, life overseas sure was tough. I didn't have a bath in eight months”

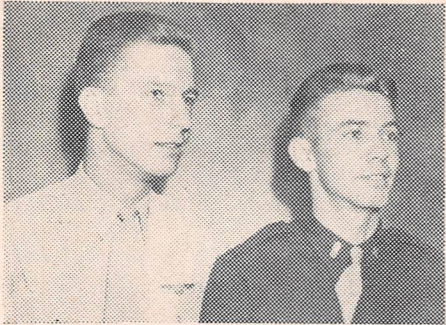
“Think that's bad?” said the second. “I couldn't even wash my hands in four weeks.”

“We were so busy,” the third added, “I couldn't change my underwear in five monthths.”

At that point, the old gal looked up and said: “Would one of you stinkers mind passing the salt?”

IN MEMORIAM

F/O F. PARKER TOTTEN



Lt. Ed. Totten and F/O Parker

With each new day we learn of the death of another of our friends. With each new day we sit and tremble lest we too be informed of the death of our dear ones in the fields of battle. Life if becoming more and more worrysome and contary. It is no more a “survival of the fittests”, for, our best and those most fit to live are the ones who die. It need-ed not be so but it is, and that is why the tragedy is even so much greater. Lads like Parker Totten, Pat Arnold and Barney Gaston — healthy youths, for whom happiness lay ahead for many years to come — dies in their prime! And we can't pretend that their death was “for the best”, or, that we should try and make ourselves believe that it was. It is not true! It was cold blooded murder! Of the same category as the murder of the thousands of Jews, Poles, Dutch and other nationals is the various Nazi controlled lands and concentration camps. Their being burned to death in the skies should evoke desire of punishing the enemy who caused their death with the same vigor as the Nazi is expected to pay for the burning of the many helpless hostages and slave prisoners.

Fairhope is losing the finest of its youth because a few insane, self-loving madmen, not content ruling and oppressing their own unfortunate subjects desired to force subjection upon a whole world. To turn it into a carnage, so that with saliva running from their ugly mouths they may gloat at their acquired powers. — But, the God of Israel, the Lord of Hosts, sleepeth not nor doeth He slumber. He is slow to ire, and it takes long to wear His patience, but He metes his vengeance justly and terribly. And they whose names have cast terror, be he Petliura, Hitler, Himmler or Mussolini, met ignoble ends. Their memories will be mentioned in evil terms, accompanied bby curses and the expectation of the spit of disgust. And so,

they who thought that they control the keys to Heaven and are able to let loose hell on earth for the pleasures of their sadistic and warped minds, themselves meet that bitter end.

To save us from these evil men, Parker and others like him, sacrificed their lives. Many of us can't believe that Parker is dead. And in truth, he isn't. “For tho he be dead he will live for ever” with the other heroic great and with them who died for “Kiddush Ha'Shem” (Glorifying God's Holy Name), with them that suffered bestial tortures and with them that died on the field of honor. We salute your memories with profound respect, with sincere gratitude and love eternal.

V. F. Beliajus.

COMMENTS
AND LETTERS

Three Years In A Nut-Shell . . .

Viejo Amigo Mio Finadar

It was a pleasant surprise to hear from you - after such a long time. Where shall I begin? Things have passed so fast that I'm almost stymied as to a beginning or an end. Let's see, you were rather busy with your LYS and other activities, International House, Northwestern University, etc., and I - I was personally occupied in obtaining an objective - a Mexican girl with attractive eyes! It panned out and I was screened in—in the army! Tht was in early '42. After the usual basic training, Salt Lake City was my center of operations for a while, a ratio of ten girls to a man - it was decidedly appealing, but the army thought different, so off I went, barracks, bag et al, to the dry deserts of sunny California - Muroc dry lake in particular. I spent a pass leave for three days where my girl from Chicago came all the way out and agreed to disagree!

That section of my love life dispensed with, I went through all the sweating out of the then active Atlantic sub-in-fested to merry olde England, where the perfect camouflaging of the Limeys' hid the very brave person of Francisco De-leon and a few thousand other “pioneer” Americans (Yanks in England). There were some very interesting but too close for comfort, raids, that Jerrie carried out - for our initiation, no doubt!

After a quiet spell (?), the Allied Command evidently wanted us to earn our money, so they thought up the invasion of North Africa, and I was in the invading force, - November 8th, 1942, - that was quite an experience. After being on a New Zealand converted troop carrier for a couple of weeks,

with subs sneaking all around us waiting for stragglers, we were anything but set for the physical activity - and the Limey that carried us in the early waves in Arzew (near Oran) didn't help us any when he parked in the middle of the Mediterranean during a French air attack. We were all wet and it wasn't all salt water!! After some rough times in the course of which you can include some snipping, bombing raids by a frustrated Luftwaffe, and other sundry occurrences, we managed to stay in Oran, carrying out convoys during the black days of Faid and Kasserine Pass.

It wasn't all military though - you know Americans, they can get along in the middle of nowhere, I picked up some French — and Spanish is very common in French Morocco - I ran into some Spanish refugees and there was one boy I'll never forget, that man could really click his gams in a real Spanish Jota. His foot work was something out of this world, and his castanet work was perfect, He must have gone through some school to get that kind of education for his feet. In short, he was good!

Algiers I couldn't see, only what the ack-ack batteries lit up and what the exploded and flaming Jerry planes showed - at one phase of a particular beautiful raid they hit an area that was too close! And we lit out for safer grounds, believe me!

I stayed in Tunisia passing through Medjez-el-Bab, Teboursouk, Mateur, Bizerte, and other various war-scarred landscapes for about a year or so, still struggling on my beat-up French (Spanish not being so prevalent in that area) and started on the road to the Italian Language.

Had enough of the Wadis' and Djebels of North Africa and wound up in Sardinia for about six months, where the living was cheap, the licentiousness also, and the liquor expensive.

Then we moved our operations into Italian mainland and got a glimpse of the ancient (and modern) ruins of Italy. Naples Caserta, Frosinone and other being in our tourist map at Uncle Sam's expense, naturally.

Did you ever see what a 2000 lb. bomb can-do to cement or rock? Powder, brother, that's all - just fine powder.

Rome however, was mercifully spared the ravages of war, and they say that it's still as beautiful as it ever was, and I think it is very beautiful! I've seen the Coliseum, the Pantheon, St. Peter's, Vatican City (the last two are really something for sore eyes) - and had memories of Chicago when I visited the Giardino Zoologico (the Zoo to you). The Modern Art Gallery is also on the must list as are other various scenic points of interest - Piazza Venetia, Pi-

azza Italia (formerly Mussolini) and the Victor Emmanuele monument - a monstrous study in rock!

At the present writing, that is the way the last two years have gone!

Now it's your turn to give me the dope. I understand your brother (Kazy) is in the Marines. Oh yes, the first day I received one of your Viltis copies I picked up and delivered on his highway a Limey that was heading for Ravenna, Italy, though he wasn't really a Limey - he was a Lithuanian and I think he is going to write to you.

Now my friend, allow me to bid you Arrivederci for a little while and regards to all.

Pasimatysim,
Cpl. Pancho Frank DeLeon,
Italy

OUR SYMPATHY

Condolence is extended to George J. Kessman, MM 1/c, now in the Pacific, and to his two little girls, Betty Ann one and half year old, and Karen Lynne, born in January, on the death of his very loving wife and the childrens mother, on April 27th at the young age of 23. Mrs. Lucille Kesman, soon after the birth of Karen, was taken ill. The ailment developed to T. B. of the throat of which she died. Mr. and Mrs. Kessman, during the short matrimonial life, enjoyed greatest happiness and purest of loves. We all pray to the Blessed Mother that she be guardian over the two little girls and their father. And may her rest be peaceful in heaven and be intercessor for the little, loving family Lucille left behind. The funeral was held on May first. Hugh Jones, a close friend of George, was one of the pall bearers.

Beg your pardon . . .

During last months list of patrons several names were omitted accidentally. A belated credit to Mrs. Charloette Chen, Chicago \$7.00. Mrs. Helen Lankus, Chicago, \$2.00. Dorothea Cahill, Canal Zone \$1.00 and George Kesman S 1/c, Berwyn, Ill. \$1.00. Thanks to all of you.

BABIES

Congratulations are extended to Louis Kohlty, MM 3/C and Mrs. (Barbara) on the arrival of their little daughter Louisa Jo on May third. Mama doing well, papa still in a fog. He is a seabee stationed at Port Huemene, California.

Mazal Tov is extended upon the birth of a son to Kosso Skorohod S 2/C and Mrs. (Judy) on the birth of their son Rhone on May 15th. A big boy. 8 lbs. 3 oz. Mama doing well, papa can hardly catch his breath. He is stationed at Camp Peary, Va.

NOOK of POETRY

REVELATION

Pvt. Gene Wierbach

Beneath a sky of wedgewood blue
where fleece clouds meet, and pass,
I found the home of meadow larks
safe in the weaving grass.
Hedged by a field of golden rod -
A chalange to the sun -
Near to ashadowy grove of pine,
Close by a singing run -
I found a path through berried brush
Where gentle kine had trod,
And pausing there, I came to know,
The handiwork of God.

OUR FLAG

Elizabeth I. Leete Stephens

I watch our proud Flag floating there,
Aloft a trodden public square,
Her red stripes bold, and her stars unfold
A Challenge to a world at war.
Our brave youth gone to right the wrong,
Bring peace on earth to all mankind,
The sacrifice supreme to pay,
If that they must for a better day,
If that they must for a better day,
For the aeons that are yet to come.
I ask myself, what have I done?
Do I deserve to be the one to live,
In this our country fair?
And in the Victory that's to come
What right have I and what my share?
(Also appeared in the
Kentucky D.A.R. Magazine)

IMPULSE TO PRAY

John W. Chadwick

I do not pray because I would;
I pray because I must.
There is no beseeching in my prayer,
But thankfulness and trust.
And thou wilt hear the thought I mean
And not the word I say:
Wilt hear the thanks between the words
That only seem to pray.
From Silent Unity

(I'am A Maiden) Aš Mergytė
LITHUANIAN FOLK SONG

I am like the rose and lily,
Like the poppy of the valley.
Any lad that there may be -
Constanly will follow me.
If he's old I'll send him back
And tell him to break his neck.
I laugh recalling as some said -
That a man I'll never get.
But my! I got a handsome man!
To get one better no one can.
Not for naught do people talk -
In embrace we always walk.

Translated by Vytautas F. Beliajus